



*Wm. E. Mac Hair
Toronto*



THREE CANADIAN SONGS



Composed by



HERBERT SANDERS,

MUS. DOC., F.R.C.O.

Nº 1. LULLABY SONG Words by WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

Nº 2. I WILL NOT TELL THEE ANDREW RAMSAY.

Nº 3. MY PUREST LONGINGS Rev. A.W.H. EATON.

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Lullaby Song.

Words by
WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

Music by
Dr. HERBERT SANDERS.
F.R.C.O.

Con Moto.

VOICE *p*

Where does my sweet-heart

PIANO *p*

Ba - by go, While the cra-dle is swing-ing her to and fro, While moth-er is

sing-ing a lull - a - by In a voice like none oth-er, so sweet and

piu mosso

3

low? Does she fly a - way to the home of Night, When eye - lids

piu mosso

droop ov - er blue eyes bright? Does she seek the place where the dreams are

born, Clad in her dream - ing dress of white? Lull - a - by

rall. tempo

Ba - by, Lull - a - by dear yield thee to slum - ber moth - er is near;

rall.

Far on sleep's o - cean fear not to go,..... God is a - round thee, lov-ing thee

p

so! Her cra - dle sways like a fair - y

tempo

boat on the gen - tle slum-ber riv-er a - float, That bears on its bos-om a

pp and fast

ba - by fleet, As the sun-beams man - y a shin - ing mote. So swift-ly the

pp and fast

ba-bies are sweep-ing a - long As if a breeze in the sail blew strong, Yet

slentando

no waves beat, for it is not the wind, But the croon-ing of ma-ny a moth - er

slentando

song. Down slum-ber riv-er their course they keep, Un - til they come to the

dim. e rall.

sea of sleep And the mer-maids tell them of won-der-ful things, For they are the

dim. e rall.

tempo

dreams that a - rise from the deep. Lull - a - by Ba - by, Lull - a - by dear!

tempo

Yield thee to slum - ber, moth - er is near; Far on sleep's o - cean fear not to

rall. *f*

go,..... God is a - round thee, lov - ing thee so! God is a - round thee,

rall. *f*

lov - ing thee so!

tempo

W. 6016

And. * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* * *And.* *

I will not tell thee.

Words by
ANDREW RAMSAY.

Music by
Dr. HERBERT SANDERS.
F.R.C.O.

Quickly.

PIANO. *mf*

p

I will not tell thee why the land With

p *legatissimo* *simile*

so much glo - - ry glows; There is but one in

all the world My sa - cred se - cret knows. O

she is fair - er than the flowers Of ro - - sy June or

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

May, When ev' - ry bird is sing - ing near, And

ev' - ry blos - som gay!..... When ev' - ry bird is sing - ing near, And

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ev' - ry blos-som gay!

Ped. *

p

I asked her eyes to let their beams Make

p

And. *

life su-preme - ly grand: Their an-swer like a flood of light Flushed

cresc.

pp parlando rall.

all the flow-ery land, Their an-swer like a flood of light Flushed

pp rall.

And. *

vivace

all the flow-ery land. The sun-beams gleamed a-mong the grass, Warm-

vivace

And. * *And.* * *And.* *

-wav - ing in the breeze, A new life glad - dened

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ev'- ry bloom, More vi - vid grew the trees..... I will not tell thee

Ped. * Ped. *

why the land With so much glo - ry glows; There

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

is but one in all the world My sa - cred se - cret

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

knows. O she is fair - - er than the flowers Of

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ro - - sy June or May, When ev' - ry bird is

Ped. * *Ped.* *

sing - ing near, And ev' - - ry blos - - som gay! When

Ped. *

ev' - ry bird is sing-ing near, And ev - ry blos-som gay!

rall. *tempo* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

My Purest Longings.

Words by
Rev. A. W. H. EATON.

Music by
Dr. HERBERT SANDERS.
F.R.C.O.

PIANO.

ten.

My pur-est long-ings spring..... From the di - - vine,.....

ten.

The sweet-est songs I sing..... They are not mine.....

I chis - - el the nude stone With

tremb - ling hand,..... The stat - ue comes a - -

lone At God's com - mand.

And. * *cresc.* *f*

Be -

yond earth's taint - ed air I some-times fly.....

And. *

..... On wings of faith and prayer; Yet 'tis not I

string. e cresc.

..... Not I, but He who lights my flick - 'ring creeds; The Power

string. e cresc.

ten.

..... that writes My bro - - ken deeds, Not I, but God,

ten.

ten. *slent.*

..... for He My larg - er life Ful - fils Him -

ten. *slent.*

agitato

self in me With cease-less strife.....

agitato *rall.*

My pur-est long-ings spring..... From the di - vine,..... The

sweet - est songs I sing..... They are not

calando

calando

Fin. *

mine.

tempo *calando*

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